A

MAD ESSAY

On the REVEREND

Mr. *Tho. Creech's* Hanging himself

(as 'tis said) for LOVE.

WITH THE

CHARACTER

OF HIS

MISTRESS

In a Letter to a Person of Quality.

Yes, he is dead! the poor unhappy Swain,
Lov'd beauteous Lalage, but lov'd in vain.
Naught cou'd prevail, tho' all Love's Arts he try'd:
She sacrific'd the Shepherd to her Pride.

Pastoral Elegy, *p.* 2.

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A STEP to OXFORD:

OR, A

Mad Eſſay, &c.

Worthy SIR,

FINDING one Squire takes *A Trip to Jamaica*, another *A Frolick to Horn-Fair*, and a third *A Step to the Bath*, it put me upon Travelling too; but whither to go was the grand Queſtion; for *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, *North*, or *South* is the ſame thing to a Rambler.---Whilſt I was debating with my ſelf, whither to ſteer my Courſe, came out the *Poſt-Boy*, with the following News:

Tueſday, June 18. 1700.

We have Advice that Dr. *Creech*, one of the Fellows of *All-Souls* in *Oxford*, has *Hang'd himſelf* there: He was obſerv'd to have been *melancholy* for ſome time.---

I no ſooner read this *ſurprizing News*, but I judg'd it a piece of Service to Truth, and to the *Fair Sex* (who were great Sufferers by Mr. *Creech*'s Death) to take my *Journey to Oxford*; and ſeeing there had been but one *Step* yet in Print (but a great many *Trips* and *Frolicks*) I thought I cou'd not do better than to call my Adventure *A Step to Oxford*, to enquire into the Occaſion of Mr. *Creech*'s *untimely End*, I ſet out for *Oxford* with the early Sun, but had his Company but a little while; however, as *gloomy* as the Day prov'd, I got to the *Angel* in *Oxford* about Six at Night, for though I was taking *a Step*, yet I was not for loytering, I thought my Time was of greater Conſequence than to waſte it with lewd Women, (as *Knavpoſt* did in his *Step to the Bath.*) After a little Refreſhment my *next Step* was to *All-Souls* (of which Mr. *Creech* was Fellow) and here the News

Why I call my Adventure *A Step to Oxford.*

was confirm'd, that Mr. *Creech had hang'd himself*; and every one told me, that *Love or Jealousie weav'd the Halter.* Then well might his Friend say,

Ah Thyrsis! *Hast thou heard the dismal Tale,*
How Daphnis *died in yonder gloomy Vale;*
Say, cou'dst thou think that he whose Verse cou'd move,
A Rock to Pitty, or a Stone to Love?
Who cou'd, like Ovid, *tend'rest Thoughts instil*
Shou'd fall a Victim to a Woman's Will?
The more he lov'd, the more she scorn'd his Flame,
And seem'd to hate both Love and Daphnis's *Name.*
Then from our Groves to yonder Wood he flies
(Strange Power of Love!) and there despairing dies.

Strange are the Effects of Love! Love never leads its still Transports, the Motions that it feels are Fury, Rapture and Extacy; this was Mr. *Creech*'s Case, for being extacy'd with Excess of Love, the *Billing-Parson* (who for many Years carried *Flesh and Blood* under his Gown) makes a Hempen Noose, thrusts his Head into it, and there *admires his Mistress till he's out of Breath.* Sir, I may venture to say, it was false Doctrine that your Halter taught us, but it shew'd a great deal of true Love; for as *Hudibras* says, *He that*

Hangs himself, or beats out's Brains,
The Devil's in him, if he fains.

Then our *Amorous Levite* can be no Hypocrite, for he hang'd himself in Earnest, was really cut down, had a decent Funeral, and I am told, *his Mistress is now in Mourning*, and every one says, that *Love or L—t* was the Cause of this sad Tragedy; but whatever the Occasion was, *the Parson was his own Executioner*; God had given him good Parts, but the Devil the using them, which was a great Aggravation of his Sin, for so learned a Person could not but know, that *Self-Murther* is a greater Sin than *Parricide* it self, no Bond of Nature being so near as one to himself. The *Grecians* knew this, when they judged the Body of *Ajax*, who had slain himself, unworthy of the common *Rites of Burial.* 'Tis true, the *Senate of Marseilles* did admit of the Request of him who desired *Leave to kill himself*, to free himself from the Stormings of his Wife, for this is an Evil which is never taken away but by taking away the Cause, and doubtless, he had a mind to be thus understood, who said, *That a good Marriage might be made with a blind Woman and a deaf Husband. Pittachus* was won't to say, that every one had his Fault, that his was the naughty Head of his Wife, and therefore *he hang'd himself*

to

to get clear of her. But the Power that is Sovereign of this *Natural Frame* has ſent us from Heavenly Manſions into this *Fleſhy Priſon*, here we live and muſt not free our ſelves, but patiently expect our Summons from that Sacred Power by his Lieutenant *Death*; we ought not to leave the *Warfare of this Life* without a Paſs from the *Great General*.

It is not Courage, whatſoe're Men ſay,
But Cowardize to make one's ſelf away;
'Tis ev'n to turn our Backs at Fears alarms,
'Tis baſely faint to yield up all our Arms.
Oh, extream Rage! Oh, barbarous Cruelty!
All at one Blow t'offend God's Majeſty,
—— The State, the Magiſtrate, thy ſelf.

The *mad Lover (however dignified or diſtinguiſh'd)* often fools away Two or Three Years, and, it may be, as many Reams of Paper in Praiſe of his *Celia*, and hangs himſelf when his *Miſtreſs frowns* (which, 'tis ſaid, was Mr. *Creech*'s Caſe:) But though the *fond Lover* be thus haſty to end his Days, yet the wiſe Man ſtays Nature's Periods, for if Things occur which trouble his Tranquility, he dares not emit himſelf departing out of this Life as from a Stage or Theater. But what ſhall we ſay, *This Trifle Woman doth unman us all*, for moſt Females are of that Humour, that to feed their Pride they will famiſh their Affection, they are ſuch *Weathercocks*; they are as ſoon loſt as won in an Humour, and therefore then loſt, becauſe not then won: Such *Madams* as theſe will let a Man hang or drown himſelf for want of a Smile or a kind Word; and this they will do when they are ſo in Love with him, that they are fitter for *Bedlam* than the Embraces of a kind Husband. 'Tis true, Love in Men and Women has been variouſly cenſured, and Diſputes have ariſen over which of them it has the chiefeſt Aſcendant; but *Virgil* and other *Poets* have given it for the Fair-Sex, and they were much in the Right, for he that walks to *Bedlam* will find more *Virgins picking Straws* for the want of a Husband, than he will find *Batchelors* raving for the Loſs of their Sweethearts. And, *Sir*, Is it not ſtrange, there be many Women that have run mad for Love of thoſe very Men that they have ſeem'd to deſpiſe? Madam *C——r* died for the Sake of a Gentleman that both ſhe and her Mother ſlighted. A Lady in *Arabia* run mad for *Vertomanus*, a beautiful Man, and yet would not ſuffer him to ſpeak in her Company. There is ſcarce a *News-Paper* but tells us of Women hang'd or *run mad for Love*, and *Bedlam* is full of ſuch Inſtances. *Then what a Perverſe Thing is a Woman?* She will rave for Love, and yet ſeem to deſpiſe it? The Devils were once good, and in that they excell'd Women, that imperfect Piece of Ill-Nature, which Art and Hypocriſie makes up; certainly the World

may now ſpare the Devil, for *Women* can be wicked enough without him, they ſcorn to be falſe by Example, or to be beholding to others for their Damnation. Then from *Amorous Madneſs.* — *Good Lord deliver me:* For who that has a Soul to be ſav'd or damn'd would hang himſelf for a Woman.— *A Coy, Fickle, Amorous Trifle.* — But though Mad-Love (or Luſt which is a ſort of *Wild-Fire*) have theſe ill Effects, yet, where is the Perſon that takes Warning? We ſee every Day Men and Women as familiarly go into a Chamber to *damn one another on a Feather-Bed*, as into a Tavern to be merry with Wine; ſhe that does not dance ſo lofty that you may ſee her *Silken-Garters*, and learn to forget Shame, is no Body. — My Ear happened Yeſterday to be in *B—Colledge*, where it could without Suſpicion ſteal ſome of their Diſcourſe, which I may not relate. Who would think to find *Hercules*, the only Worthy of his Time, ſtooping to the Meaneſs of being a Servant to *Omphale*, and in the Quality of a Wench working at the Rock and Spindle, or to ſee *Mark Anthony* loſe the World for a *Cleopatra?* And I as much admire to ſee Dr. *Creech* hanging in a *P——ryes* Garret for the ſake of his *D——r. Strange are the Effects of Beauty!* When *Helena* was to be ſtoned to Death, the Executioners beholding her Beauty had no Power to hurt her. The *Princes of Troy* made great Queſtion whether they ſhould deliver this Lady to her Husband, in which Diſpute they condemned her, being abſent; but when ſhe came in Preſence, the commanding *Power of her Beauty* controuled their Power in doing Juſtice; and, 'tis ſaid, one of them lov'd her beyond Modeſty; but would Fleſh and Blood liſten to *Prov.* 22. 14. and remember that the Child often proves the Picture of the Lover and diſcovers it, (bleſſed Concluſion of ſtolen Sweets!) They would ne're invade the Right of another.—— Few have married their *Miſſes* but have repented it; nay, in the other World what a Life did *Jupiter* lead with his Wife whom he had allur'd and enjoy'd before hand. This is, as they ſay, to *Sh* —— in the Panier *to put it after on one's Head.* 'Tis 'Tis true, *Lalage* (Dr. *Creech*'s *Miſtreſs*) is a vertuous Woman, but ſtill ſhe is but a Woman.—— Methinks, had the *Doctor* hang'd himſelf for the Loſs of his Fellowſhip, or to ſhew his Averſion to Senſual Love, there might be ſomething ſaid in his Vindication, but for a *Rhiming Clergy-man* to hang himſelf for a Woman (a Thing in Petty-Coats) is ſuch a ridiculous Murther as ſcarce warrants our Pitty.— But ſay, his Miſtreſs had *humour'd his Paſſion* ſo far as to marry him, yet ſtill he had been very unhappy, (for they ſay in *Oxford*, ſhe hated him) and how miſerable had ſuch a Woman made him, for *he loves a Body without a Soul that loves a Body without its Conſent:* Certainly ſuch Love is as ridiculous as *Periander*'s, who extended his Conjugal Affection to the Enjoyment of his dead Wife.

But

But perhaps (*Sir*) you will ſay, that the *Loving Parſon* did not hang himſelf for the Sake of One Woman, but Two, and therefore deſerves our Pity; For what ſhould he do? he had but *One Heart*, and that he had promiſed to *Two Ladies*. Then in this Straight how ſhould he ſatisfie the Two Rivals but by hanging himſelf, that he might be equally true to both? —— If this was the Doctor's Caſe (as odd as it looks) we meet with *Cowley* in the like Circumſtance; for thus he ſays of himſelf.

Mary *then and gentle* Ann
Both to reign at once began,
Alternately they ſway'd;
And ſometimes Mary *was the Fair,*
And ſometimes Ann *the Crown did wear,*
And ſometimes both I obey'd.

If Mr. *Creech* was ſuch a general Lover, his murdering himſelf is ſtill the leſs excuſable; for Love is of the Nature of a Burning-Glaſs, which kept ſtill in one Place fireth, changed often, it doth nothing: A kind of *Glowing-Coal*, which, with ſhifting from Hand to Hand, a Man may eaſily endure. That Mr. *Creech* was *a General Lover*, none can doubt that believes his Friend, where he thus ſalutes him, ——

And canſt thou not forget her fatal Charms,
And take ſome kinder Beauty *to thy Arms:*
Return, return to our abandon'd Grove,
And there thou may'ſt be happy in thy Love;
For thee in amorous Fires Lycoris *burns,*
For thee the lovely Galatea *mourns:*
Wer't thou from this inglorious Bondage free,
A Thouſand Bleſſings *wait to fall on thee.*
Paſtoral Elegy, *p.* 8.

So that *True Love* had no Hand in Mr. *Creech*'s Murther; for he that makes a *flying Vow to every ſhe*, is in no Danger from *Cupid*.—— They tell us, indeed, that there are certain Fountains of which if any drink (*tho' he had been a general Lover*) he ſhall grow mad for Love of one ſingle Perſon: There is, ſay they, an *hot Bath in Germany*, wherein it is Fabled, that *Cupid* once dropt his Arrows, in which whoſoever bathes ſhall fall paſſionately in Love with the *next Woman* he meets: —— But ——

Theſe charmed Baths move Madneſs, hurt the Brain,
To gain pure Love, pure Love return again. ——

Mr. *Creech* cou'd love (*and unlove*) at a Minute's warning, and therefore was a ſtranger to Pure Love; however, ſeeing 'tis ſaid, that *he hang'd himſelf for the ſake of one ſingle Lady:* Part of this Letter ſhall be

An Eſſay upon amorous Madneſs:

Or in other Words,

To lament Mr. Creech's *ridiculous Paſſion to Hang himſelf, for the ſake of a* WOMAN.

CErtainly (*Sir*) there is a juſt Cauſe for our Sorrow, when we hear of any (*eſpecially a Clergy-man*) that does quit his Station without his leave that placed him there: He that longs for Heaven with ſuch *Impatience* as he will hang himſelf, that he may be there the ſooner, may by that Act be excluded thence; for he dies in a known Sin, and without a Miracle can never be ſaved.— He that ſtabs another kills his Body, but he that ſtabs himſelf kills his own Soul.— Now for any Man *to ſuck Damnation from a Strumpet's Lips*, is a great Folly, but for a Clergy-man (that ſhou'd teach us to govern our Paſſions) to be *looking of Babies, Gallanting of Fans, or perhaps hang himſelf for a Senſual Minute*, is a Madneſs that deſerves more than a Chain and a dark Room; and therefore no wonder that *the Jury that ſate on Mr.* Creech's Body brought him in *Diſtracted*, (and if he was diſtracted he deſerves our Pity;) tho' after all, it muſt be confeſt in ſuch amorous Gentlemen, the unruly Heat call'd *Love*, is not ſo properly Diſtraction as *Beſtial-Appetite:* The Town-Bull is chaſter than ſome Men, and 'tis a Bleſſing to the Fair Sex when Hanging's their Deſtiny; for we ſee in Mr. *Creech*'s untimely End, that the *Halter* (or *Pox*) only converts ſuch, and that only when it kills them: 'Tis true, he that makes a *Scoffing-Miracle of a Maid* (as 'tis ſaid Mr. *Creech* did) may paſs for a *profeſt Critick in* L——*ry*; but it had been more agreeable to that ſound Doctrine he taught in the Pulpit, had he ſpent that Time which he waſted in wanton Dalliance, in *cooling his looſe Affections by hard Study and Faſting.* We ſhou'd reſemble thoſe Creatures call'd *Cynocephales*, which died peice-meal, and were buried long before their Death, ſo ſhou'd we bury *all our Concupiſcence* before we go to the Grave, and ſtrive to live ſo, that when Death comes he ſhou'd find very *little Buſineſs* with us.— But this was a Doctrine Mr. *Creech* never taught, or at leaſt never practis'd, for notwithſtanding his *Hanging-Complement to Madam*, ——

'tis

Tis ſaid, he lov'd Women better than Wives, and was ſo expert in *the Art of Love*, that he would *praiſe a Lady's Vertue till he got to Bed to her.*——— Oh, how often was he won't to rhime and indite (and, perhaps, *tranſlate*) in Praiſe of his *Celia?* How often has he borrow'd Lillies and Red-Roſes to beautifie her *Cheeks*; ſometimes her *Eyes* ſhould be Saphires, her *Lips* Coral, her *Teeth* Pearl, her *Breaſt* Balm, and he has often made her a *Pallas* for her Wit, but *he never ſtrain'd ſo far as her Honeſty.*——— If I did (ſays *Madam*) but let my Glove fall, I had Mr. *C———ch* ready to take it up, and as a Favour kiſs it, then with *a low Congy* deliver it into my Hand; and if I walk'd abroad, he provided *Pears*, *Plumbs*, *Apricots*, *Cherries*, and the rareſt Fruits to accomodate me; and proud was he when I wou'd accept them from him. So that you ſee (*Sir*) Mr. *Creech* was his *Miſtreſs's Squire*, *Laquey*, *Slave*, but above all her F—l; to which he is bound by the Proverb, *'Tis impoſſible to Love and be wiſe*; for while he courts *Lalage* you may feed him Cheaper then a *Chamelion*; for *Cowley* tells us,

On a Sigh of Pity *I a Year can live,*
One Tear *will keep me Twenty at leaſt:*
Fifty a gentle Look *will give,*
An Hundred Years on one kind Word *I'll Feaſt,*
A Thouſand more will added be,
If you an Inclination *have for me,*
And all beyond is vaſt Eternity.

I can't ſay Mr. *Creech* could have liv'd ſo long on this *Airy Diet*, but I'll venture to ſay, *a good look ſerves him a Week at leaſt*, and he is prouder of holding *Lalage*'s Busk or Fan, than a School-Boy with a Scepter in his Hand playing the Emperor's part in the School; to keep him to which, *Lalage* lets him know that 'tis *with Love as 'tis with War*, which once declared, you are to expect nothing but *Hoſtility*, and knows her ſelf that 'tis with Lovers as 'tis with *Anglers*, who feed the Fiſh e're they are caught, but caught once feed on them: Whence *Lalage* did not bite greedily at the Bait, but cunningly tolls him on with Hopes; and like *Rope-makers* ſhe went backwards ſtill, the better to advance her Work, and draw him on; mean while Mr. *Creech* follow'd her ſo long till he *grew mad* in Love; and for that Reaſon he runs rather to the *Hempen than Marriage Nooſe.*——— But to ſee a Clergy-man hang himſelf would make one conclude, that *Cupid* is a *felonious God*, that he makes it his Paſtime to wreſtle with Devotion and Juſtice, he glories that his Power encounters all other Power, and that all other Rules give place to his.— *Then flie Love as a Viper*, and you'll eaſily out-run him, you are invulnerable behind (as *Achilles* in his Heel) but if you look but over your Shoulder

you're a dead Man: Then (*Sir*) when you perceive him bending his Bow at you (*that's the Laſſes pretty pincking Eyes*) be ſure you never ſtand him, and think to look him out of Countenance, for 'tis an impudent young Rogue as ever lived by *March-pane and Sugar-plumbs*. Remember here Cowardize is the trueſt Valour. Wink when you fight with Love, if you ever hope to conquer.——— Ha! Now he levels all his Ordnance at ye, whole Broadſides.— Upper and lower Teer. You ſink to the Deep if you lie there any longer. The Port-Holes are all up. The Tombkins out, primed, matched, ready. The little *Fireſhip* of a Woman opens her Lips and diſcovers Two Rows of Teeth, enough to charm an Angel; ſo ſmooth, ſo white, ſo even and ſo pretty. There is no Remedy unleſs you get out of *Gun-ſhot*, but ſhe has ye between Wind and Water, rakes ye *fore and aft*, and down you go to the Deep, and therefore 'tis, the *Scythian Women* put out the Eyes of all their Slaves and Priſoners of War to make uſe of them more freely and covertly. *Oh, the furious Advantage of Opportunity!* He that ſhould ask me, what were the *Firſt-part* in Love, I ſhould anſwer him, *to make uſe of Opportunity*, the ſecond the ſame, the third the ſame: 'Tis a Point that can do all. And (*Sir*) as you muſt *fly Love* (and the *Opportunities* that lead to it) if you would ſhun hanging your ſelf; ſo if you would not be a *Mad-Lover*, never be *idle*, nor worſe employ'd than if you were, do not read *Romances*, *Play-Books*, or *Amorous-Tales*, at leaſt till your Mind is form'd, and you have ſeen ſomething of the World. If theſe Directions were well obſerved, they would cure the Lover of *Mad-Fits*; but leaſt they ſhould prove ineffectual (that, if poſſible, we may prevent his *Hanging*) I will give ye another Receipt to cure *Mad-Love*, *Probatum eſt.*

A Receipt to Cure Mad-Love, *Probatum eſt.*

TAke an Ounce of *Common Prudence*, a Scruple of *Self-Love*, and a Drachm of the *Powder of Foreſight*, with half a Pound of other Folks dear-bought Experience, which may be had at a cheap Rate almoſt in every Family; mix theſe well together, and temper with it a few Drops of *Serious Conſideration*, and apply it warm to the ſoft Place of the Head; you may repeat the Application of it as oft as you can.

This Receipt has wrought many Cures, and if rightly applied never fails: But, *Sir*, if it does, I know you'll be immediately for *Chriſtening* your

your ſelf with one barbarous Heathen Name or other, unleſs you light upon the *Seven Champions*, and then whip,——— you are St. *George*, and I know not what. —— In a Word, *keep ſober, have a care of Claret, uſe Phlebotomy*; and to ſum up all, don't play the Fool, and you ne're need fear falling in Love.—— 'Tis true, *Thraſonides* a young *Grecian* having got the good Will of his Miſtreſs, he refus'd to enjoy her, that he might not by Enjoyment extinguiſh his Love to her: And King *Charles* I. (if we believe what he ſaid on the Scaffold) *never ſtraid from his Queen in Thought, Word or Deed. Origin* choſe rather to commit Idolatry than Fornication. St. *Auguſtine* wou'd not cohabit with his own Siſter. St. *Baſil* writes to a *Presbiter* Seventy Years old, to abſtain from the Company of a Woman he uſed to dwell with, to avoid Scandal. The Council of *Nice* forbids the ſame, and univerſally the whole *Clergy* to have any Woman near them, unleſs Mother, Siſter, Aunt, or ſuch of whom there could be no Suſpicion: And *Honorius* the Emperor prohibits by a Law any Clergy-man whatſoever to keep Company with amorous Women. We read that *Zeno* was ſo chaſte, that he never had but *once to do with a Woman in all his Life*, and that through Civility, rather than any Carnal Deſire: But (with *Zeno*'s leave) I judge 'tis eaſier for a Man to carry a Curaſs on his Neck all his Life than a *Virginity*; and the *Vow of Virginity* is the moſt noble of all Vows, as being the hardeſt to keep: *Then let him that ſtandeth take heed leſt he fall*, for 'tis very hard to reſtrain in *Youth*, a Deſire which is ſo *boyling* and *natural* in them; and therefore when I hear young Virgins boaſt of their *Averſion to Men*, I laugh at them, for they only flie the Embraces of old Men, and the *Young* (if dry and conſumptive) is what they deſpiſe: But honeſt Love is a *gay Agitation, and fit to lighten a heavy Spirit and Body*; and therefore (like a Phyſician) I would councel it to an *old Man* as willingly as any other Receipt, to awaken and ſtrengthen him, and to delay the creeping on of old Age, which moſt are unwilling to own; for how common is it for old Men to endeavour to fetch out of the Barbers Shops (from *Perukes, Razors* and *Patches*) that Youth which they can never recover in their Veins.

But to return again to *All-Souls* College; having told ye what a Courtier Mr. *Creech* was, I ſhall next relate the Manner of his Death: He was obſerv'd to be *melancholy* for Three Days before he was miſſing, and ſo *private* was he in the Hanging himſelf (leſt ſome good Body ſhould have cut the Halter) that he was not diſcover'd till Five Days after his Death; *He was found in a Garret by a Maid-ſervant*; and 'tis ſaid he has left a Will behind him, wherein he has given his Miſtreſs a *noble Legacy*; and (if he en't bely'd) he talks *tender Things* on the Brink of Eternity. He that denies Mr. *Creech* to be thus amorous, let him read the *Satyr on his Coy Miſtreſs*, and there he'll find:

Thus Daphnis *to his Fate with Pleaſure run,*
He ſaw the Nymph he lov'd, and was undone.
With wiſhing Eyes *he gaz'd upon her Charms,*
And wou'd have dy'd t'have dy'd within her Arms;
Deep Draughts of Love *he drunk, and ſtrong Deſire,*
His Breaſt like Ætna *glow'd with inward Fire:*
His Flock *and darling Muſe no longer were,*
His dear Delight, his Pleaſure and his Care,
The Nymph, the Nymph, *he thinks of nought but her.*

By theſe Lines we further ſee what an *amorous Man* Mr. *Creech* was, and ſome Gentlemen of *All-Souls* College have ſaid, that he was ſo obliging to the *Oxford* Ladies, that they were huge fond of his Company, even a Chriſtening it ſelf was a dull Buſineſs without him: But he went to few where he had not a *Finger in the Pye* (and ſometimes) a Leg or an Arm: 'Tis a wonder (as his *Friend* tells us) how even the *Coy* LALAGE cou'd deſpiſe the Charms of

So ſoft a Lover *and ſo ſweet a Muſe?*

As if *Mr. Poet* had ſaid, Why ſhould a Lady, whoſe Blood is warm within, ſit like her Grandſir cut in Alabaſter, Sleep when ſhe ogles, or dream whilſt her Lover is kneeling for a Smile. For my part I cannot ſee any Happineſs in Senſual Love; yet, I do confeſs, that in the proud *Lalage* we ſee the commanding Power of Beauty: Sure *pretty Women are Witches*, for *they draw young Students from their Books, the Lawyers and Divines*; the Graces of the Body being the moſt powerful Charm, as *Olympia*, Wife of *Philip* of *Macedon*, acknowledg'd, when being jealous that her Husband *loved a young Lady* that was ſaid to have given him *Amorous Potions*, the Queen ſent for her, and having beheld her great Beauty, ſaid, that ſhe had thoſe *Philtres* in her ſelf. Mr. *Creech* was of this Opinion, in reſpect to his *Coy-Miſtreſs*, and thought it a Preſumption not to be overcome where a pretty Woman intended to conquer. But this *Goatiſh-Luſt* was met with at laſt, for though he had conquered *Licoris*, *Galatea*, and a long *&c.* yet *Lalage* (his laſt Goddeſs) carried *her Bow and Arrows in her Eyes*, and ſhot the *Parſon* ſo deep in the Heart, that nothing could give him Eaſe but a Halter.

Yes, he is dead! *the poor unhappy Swain,*
Lov'd beauteous Lalage, *but lov'd in vain*;

Fan-

Fantaſtick, proud, and conſcious of her Charms,
She ſcorn'd his Love, *and fled his* wiſhing Arms,
Nought could prevail, tho' all Love's Arts *he try'd:*
She ſacrific'd the Shepherd to her Pride.
Ungentle Nymph, to thee we owe his Death,
'Twas Lalage *that rob'd* poor Daphnis *of his Breath.* ---
Paſtoral Elegy.

Though this infamous Death be a juſt Reward for his lewd Practices, yet, I would have no Man reflect on Religion, becauſe ſome *good Preachers are bad Livers*; for we find a *Judas* amongſt the Apoſtles (and he, like *Creech*, was for hanging himſelf:) But Religion is a ſerious Thing, though ſome *Black-Guides* have forgot to practice it. *The Lord Rocheſter* (the lewdeſt of Men) owns this in his laſt Sickneſs, and in his dying Remonſtrance he has theſe Words, *From the Bottom of my Soul I deteſt and abhor the whole Courſe of my former wicked* Life.

Mr. *Creech*'s hanging himſelf caſts no diſhonour upon the Church of *England (for her Doctrine is pure and her Practice conformable*;) beſides, I am apt to think, that Mr. *Creech* is the *firſt Clergy-Man that ever hanged himſelf*, (for Doctor *C——d* of *Oxford* only cut his Throat,) and the Miniſter of *Stanton-Lacy*, though he hanged for murthering his Baſtard Child, yet he did not murther himſelf, but was *hanged by lawful Authority*, and in his laſt Speech was ſo juſt to the Chruch of *England* as to tell the World, *That ſhe gave no Countenance to any of his lewd Practices:* But let *him that ſtands take heed leſt he falls*, for *Miniſters are Fleſh and Blood*, and if they will *pamper their Bodies*, 'tis no Wonder if they are given up to vile Affections; and ſuch Men, though they preach *good Doctrine* to others, will (like Doctor *Creech*) be *Caſtaways* themſelves.

Sir, Having made *Remarks* on Doctor *Creech*'s Death, and ſhown how *ridiculous* it is for any Man to hang himſelf for a Woman; this leads me in the next place to deſcribe the Nature of *Amorous Madneſs*. The Exceſs of Love is called *Erotick* or *Amorous Madneſs*, which is a Species of Melancholy Deliration, cauſed by the continual Repreſentation of the Thing loved, which poſſeſs the Fancy of the poor Lovers, that they can think of nothing elſe, and many times forget to *eat*, *drink*, *ſleep*, and the the other neceſſary Actions of Life. I had rather, ſays an *ancient Poet*, contend with *Bulls*, *Lions*, *Bears*, or *Giants* than with *Love*, for with them I have a Lot in the Hazard, but by *Love* I am ſure to be overcome. Men or Women thus *mad in Love* are known by their hollow and languiſhing Eyes, Inequality of Pulſe and Viſage, eſpecially when the Party lov'd is ſpoken of or ſeen. This Diſtemper is the more dangerous, becauſe it is pleaſing to thoſe that are tormented with it. The Mad Lover is *proud of his Chain*, and fears nothing more than his Cure. A-

mongſt all the Spectacles of Folly none is ſo ridiculous as *Amorous-Madneſs*, for, pray *Sir*, look upon the *Amoriſt*, ſee how gaſtfully he looks, his Arms croſſed, his Eyes blubbered, his Hat pull'd over his Brows, and if his *Miſtreſs denies to ſmile* he will hang himſelf, ay, that he will,— and nothing ſhall hinder him. *I have heard of ſome that have been thus mad for* Love, *yet I never heard of any that were wiſe in* Love. The ingenious *Propertius*, when he was in Love, ſaid he was not himſelf, but a *meer Bedlam*. Love often caſts Men into raving Fits.— *Oh, my Angel! Oh, my Angel!* I rave, I burn, I die (ſaid a little Sprig of Divinity) when his Miſtreſs ſlighted him. *Turinga* had ſo many Lovers that were mad to enjoy her, that ſhe could not reckon them upon her Fingers ends, but call'd for a Buſhel of Peaſe to tell them by: And I think we may juſtly reckon *Thaleſtris*, Queen of the *Amazons*, into the Number of theſe *mad Lovers*; for *Alexander* paſſing through *Hyrcania*, this wanton Queen meets him with 300 Soldiers of her own Sex, well mounted and well armed, having left the Remainder of a Groſs Army which follow'd, behind the Neighbouring Mountains; and *tells him aloud in publick*, that the Fame of his Victories and Valour had brought her thither to ſee him, and to offer him her Ability and Power, to the Succour of his Enterprizes; and that finding him ſo *handſom, young and vigorous*, ſhe told him ſhe was paſſionately in Love with his Perſon, and had a Deſire to *lie with him*, that there might be begot of the moſt *valiant Woman* in the World, and the moſt *valiant Man* that was then living, ſomething great and rare for the future; *Alexander* was aſtoniſh'd at her lewd Propoſal, but agreed to it, and ſtaid thirteen Days in that Place with her, during which time he feaſted in the moſt noble Manner he could in Favour of ſo *couragious a Princeſs*.—— I might proceed to the bold Attempts of other *mad Lovers*. *Samocratius*, *Nigidius* and *Ovid* writ many Volumes of the *Remedy of Love*; but it little profited themſelves, for they all three died in Perſecution, not for the Abuſes they committed at *Rome*, but for the Mad-Loves they practis'd at *Padua*. And we read that *Demoſthenes* (the famous Orator) hearing the prodigal Report of *Lais* Beauty, was ſo *mad to enjoy her*, that he came from *Athens* to *Corinth*, to compound with her for the Uſe of her Body, but ſhe demanding 100 *Talents* for a Night's-Lodging, he wan't ſo mad as to *buy Repentance at ſo dear a Rate:* Had the Orator *Creech* been in *Demoſthenes* place they had certainly bargain'd for *one Night* (at leaſt) for it can't be thought he'd have parted for Price that was ſo *mad in* Love as to hang for a Lady of leſs Beauty.

Fair

Fair Fatal Sex! *who can our Souls ſurprize*
With tender Looks and ſoft bewitching Eyes:
Were you but half as pitiful and kind,
The God of Love *had not been counted blind.*
On you we gaze, and feel a pleaſing Pain
Steal to our Hearts, and glide thro' every Vein,
Till drunk with Love, our weakneſs we betray,
And die *if you refuſe to yield the Joy.* -----
Paſtoral Elegy, *p.* 5.

So that the Folly of Affection is wonderful, but the Madneſs of that Lover is more remarkable, that will hang the whole Eſtate of all his Fortunes, his Health, his Life, yea, his Soul, in a Woman's Word, but in the *Yea* or *Nay* of his fickle Miſtreſs; and therefore *Oliver*'s *Porter* being once asked, why he did not love a Lady that came to viſit him, he anſwered, *No, Fool, I am not ſo mad yet!* And *N. York*, Archbiſhop of *York* in K. *William* II's Time, being deſparately ſick, was told, that nothing would cure him but to lie with a Woman, then he anſwered, *That the Remedy was worſe than the Diſeaſe*, and ſo died a Virgin. ——— But where's ſuch another Inſtance? I am ſure, Dr *Creech* was not, for he adored every thing that wore Pettycoats, and was ſuch a *Mad-Lover*, that were the *Pox* a Woman he had not ſtuck to court it. 'Tis true, he was a Wit, a Poet, the famous Tranſlator of *Lucretius*, and a florid Preacher, but what was he the better, for he had a *Goatiſh-Eye* even in the Pulpit, and he no ſooner left it, but he would find out thoſe wanton Ladies that he ogled in it; ſo that, like the *Salamander*, he was ever living in the Fire of Luſt; ſure he kept a Stew in his Heart, for *a Goat was cooler.* I may venture to ſay, all the Arts and Sciences of the World may in time be learned except *the Art of Love*, the which neither had *Apelles* Skill to Paint, nor *Ovid* to Teach, nor Dr. *Creech* to underſtand, tho' he died (as 'tis ſaid ---) learning of it: 'Twas not Love but Luſt *made him mad.* We find the Philoſophers of old were above wanton Dalliance, the length of their Beards did aſſure the World, that they had no time from their deep Contemplations to cut them: Theſe learned Clowns were not for pleaſing the Ladies; and one would have thought that the Fame Dr. *Creech* had got in the City of *Oxford*, had ſet him above doting, I had almoſt ſaid *thinking on a Woman*; but the wanton Parſon had no fancy to Mortification, and therefore his amorous Madneſs riſes to *Love in a Halter*, which is a more Heroical Complement,—*Than I* N. *take thee* M. but who'd ſacrifice his Life to a Woman? ———

But (*Sir*) perhaps you'll ſay we can expect *no Diſcretion* in the Management of our Affections, for Love ceaſeth to be true when it becomes *diſcreet*; Love is free, and fixes not by conſtraint, 'tis not *taken in at the Mouth but the Eyes*; and therefore (ſay you) never rail at amorous Madneſs, or expect any Reaſon in Love, for 'tis a *poor Love that works by Reaſon:* If Love admits *Diſcretion*, if it ponder and conſider, ſearch and compare, and judge, and then reſolve; *'tis Policy not Affection.* Love conſiſts chiefly in Pleaſure, and 'tis a Pleaſure fomented by Difficulty, there wants a Pricking and Incitement to it; it is no longer Love if it be without *Darts and without Fire.*

To this I anſwer, It muſt be confeſt there are ſecret *Suggeſtions* of the Soul, for which no Reaſon can be given, and againſt which there is no Reſiſtance: Now if theſe Gifts of the Mind be accompany'd with thoſe of the Body, and the Party endued therewith, teſtifie Love to another, 'tis impoſſible but the Affection will become mutual,---- *Love being the Parent of* Love. But this Neceſſity of returning *Love for Love* is no Excuſe for *Amorous Madneſs*, for the Soul doth give Brightneſs to the Eye; and ſome ſay, that the Sun, if not enlightned by that Intelligence that doth inhabit in it would ſhine no more than a dull Clod of Earth; ſo Love that is brighter than Eye or Sun, if not enlightned by Reaſon does loſe ſo much Luſtre as to become but groſs and foul Deſire, which is *downright Madneſs*; and therefore, as Senſual Love will do me no good when I die, ſo I'll endeavour it ſhall do me no hurt while I live, which it would if I gave way to it, and therefore I ſhun the Company of pretty Women; there's *Pitch and Birdlime in their Lips and Fingers*, an Itch of amorouſneſs of Skin all over, a Man may as ſoon hug a Flame without burning, as not be fired if he embraces Petty-Coats. *Democrates* put his Eyes out to avoid the Sight of them: And 'tis ſaid *Sorgonia* was ſo very chaſte, when ſhe lay under an acute, and moſt dangerous Diſtemper, that ſhe refuſed to have any Phyſician come near her, as *bluſhing*, that any Man ſhould ſee or touch her; ſhe knew that liking is but one remove from loving, and *Love* when not govern'd by Reaſon is downright Madneſs; and therefore, as 'tis *a poor Love that works by Reaſon*, ſo I'm ſure 'tis a mad one (for 'tis Luſt not Love) that works without it. Then who that is not *ſtark mad* would ſacrifice his Liberty to a Woman? For by the very *Definition of Love*, the Chaſe is a greater Happineſs than the Quarry; *for Love is a Deſire*, and we never deſire that which we enjoy, therefore with *the Fruition Love ceaſeth:* Then ſince the beſt of Love is to be mad, but to be well again, who would be a Votary to that Paſſion?

But

But you'll reply, How can you rail at Amorous-Madneſs, that have been in Love from the 15th Year of your Age, had a Wife at 20, another at 30, another at 40, and I believe would have 50 Wives would they die faſt enough? ——

To this I anſwer, (*by way of Confeſſion*) If Men love too much, the Fault is not in Love, but them; and therefore I can't ſay *Love as Love* ought to be blamed, for *Love certainly never infuſeth any evil Inclinations*; and as one cannot juſtly complain againſt the Sun, becauſe it nouriſheth a thouſand venemous Creatures at the very ſame time that it *blanches the Lilies* and *Rubies the Roſes*; ſo Love ought not to be accuſed for the Actions of ſome *mad Lovers*, ſince *True-Love* inſpireth only Heroick Actions, and cauſeth Men to practiſe all the Vertues, who without this Paſſion were, perhaps, Men of rude Souls. So that 'tis plain, there is a Love which muſt not be called *Madneſs*, and which none alive can, or ever could reſiſt; talk what they will of the *Stoicks*, they muſt be *Stocks* and not Men that love not a Woman, and that are not mov'd with her pretty Charms. If you ask for a Deſcription of this vertuous Love, I anſwer 'tis,——

A pleaſing Sweetneſs, harmleſs Fire,
A tender, melting, gay Deſire.
A Something more than Wealth or Fame,
A tender Something, wants a Name.

Such an *innocent Love* as this, is a ſort of *Small-Pox*, all have had it, or is to expect it; and certainly the Heart of Man thus in Love with a vertuous Woman does nothing but what is reaſonable, all its ſoft and tendereſt Motions, its innocent Tremblings, harmleſs Fears, melting Sighs, *Lambent Fires*, are as highly rational, as the gruff and churliſh School-man's moſt *regular Demonſtration*, but then it muſt be with a vertuous Woman, and with but one of that ſort neither, or the Love *turns into Madneſs*, and then the next News is the *fond Creature* has hang'd himſelf.

But here the *Lover* will ſay, If hanging one's ſelf for the ſake of a Miſtreſs be ſo great a Madneſs, what would you have me do for *a little Eaſe to my wounded Heart*, for I have a Miſtreſs that, I thought, loved me, but now ſhe loves another better than me (which, I hear, was Dr. *Creech*'s Caſe,) who that is Fleſh and Blood can bear the Loſs of ſuch a ſweet Angel and not hang himſelf?—

To this I anſwer, *Enduring Love* is ever built upon Vertue, he that fixeth upon her ſhall find a Beauty that will every Day take him with ſome new Grace or other, and ſuch Affection as this will never change or die: But for ſuch *High-fed-Love* as fills us with Jealouſie, *Crates*'s Tripple Remedy is the beſt that I know, either *Faſting, or Time*; and if both theſe fail, a *Halter*, and ſurely he that hangs himſelf (becauſe a Woman ſlights him) deſerves it for robbing himſelf of his Soul: — But what ſhall we ſay? Some Men are ſo *mad in Love*, that they have always ſomething buſie in their Brains, and in the Shape of Jealouſie preſents a Thouſand Fears, and this often when there is no Reaſon for it; and therefore this *Fury* or *Rage* which we call Jealouſie *Chryſyppus* calleth it *a Diſeaſe of the Mind proceeding from Fear which a Man hath, that the Thing is communicated to another which he would not have common, but private to himſelf*; or otherwiſe we may ſay, that *Jealouſie* is bred of that Love which will not ſuffer a Partner in the Things beloved. If Jealouſie was the Cauſe, we know *Argus*'s *Hundered Eyes could not keep* Io *from* Jupiter; and this Jealouſie is common amongſt Lovers. *But if a Man have a Lock which every Man's Key will open as his own, why ſhould he think to keep it private to himſelf, or be ſo mad to hang himſelf if he cannot*; and therefore my Adviſe to jealous Lovers, is to make uſe of *Ithacus*'s Counſel to *Andromache* in behalf of her tender Infant; *Conceal him, that is the beſt Means to ſave him:* Oft times Jealouſie publiſheth Man's Shame more than the Occaſion of his Shame, and certainly he is an *Egregious Wittal* that loves to watch Opportunity to add to his Diſcontent; and therefore your prudent Lover will knock at the Door when he viſits his Miſtreſs, for fear of finding what he does not ſeek. Had Dr. *Creech* thus made *a Covenant with his Eyes* (as became a Man of his Gown) there had been no Occaſion for his running to a Halter. But it ſeems there be *jealous Devils* who have a particular Spight againſt pleaſing and illuſtrious Vertues, and it was one of theſe Infernal Spirits impoyſoned the Mind of Dr. *Creech*: But there be thoſe that make a Laughter of a fickle Miſtreſs, (*they call Love a Jeſt*) and if a Miſtreſs changes them, they alſo *change their Miſtreſs*, but Dr. *Creech*, that had conquered ſo many Hearts, could not bear the Thoughts of being ſlighted by a Woman. It had been therefore well for the *jealous Parſon* if he had liv'd at *Rome*, for there, even at this Day, the *Romans* make *Recluſes* of their own Houſes, and, whether out of Jealouſie or ſome other innate Quality, will not ſuffer their Women to go abroad, either to Church or any Place elſe, and ſome of them ſcarcely to look out at a Lattice Window; whence that Proverb came,—

In

In Rome *the Harlot hath a better Life*
Than ſhe that is an honeſt Roman's *Wife.*

But the *Engliſh* (however afraid Dr. *Creech* was of his Miſtreſs) are not naturally ſo jealous; for *Burton* ſays of the *Engliſh* Man, that Two of them were content with one Woman. *Lucullus*, *Cæſar*, *Pompey*, *Antonius*, *Cato*, and other brave Men were Cuckolds, and knew it without making a Buſtle. *Galba* gave a Supper to *Nero*, ſeeing that his Wife and he began to Plot together with Glances and Signs, and at laſt he fell upon his Couch, making as if he ſlept to give Liberty to their *wanton Dalliance*, which he juſtify'd with a good Grace; for in the Inſtant a Serving-man having taken the Boldneſs to lay hold on a great *Flagon* of Wine on the Table; he boldly cried out to him, *How now Sirrah, doſt thou not ſee that I ſleep for none but Nero?* So that *Galba* was a contented Pimp, and there was at that time but one Sot *Lepidus* that died with the Thoughts of being made a Cuckold; but Dr. *Creech* wou'd have a whole Miſtreſs or none; and I do not ſo much wonder to find this Jealouſie amongſt the Men, when even *bruit Creatures* (that love much) are not without it.---- *R. T.* in his *Blazon of Jealouſie*, telleth a Story of a *Swan* about *Windſor*, that finding a *ſtrange Cock* with his Mate, did ſwim I know not how many Miles after to kill him, and when he had ſo done came back and killed his Hen: And we read that the Shepherd *Cratis* being fallen in Love with a She-Goat, the He-Goat as he ſlept, came through Jealouſie, runs his Head at his, and breaks it.----.

Thus (*Sir*) having finiſh'd my *Step to Oxford*, and given you the beſt Account I cou'd learn there of Mr. *Creech*'s *untimely End*; having alſo added ſome Remarks upon *Amorous-Madneſs*, perhaps, you'll be curious to know what this *Lady* was, for whoſe Love Mr. *Creech* hang'd himſelf: I confeſs whilſt I was in *Oxford*, I was very deſirous to ſee this Inchanting Creature, but the *Fair Murdreſs* does not yet appear; however, with ſome Difficulty I got her *Character*, and here ſend it as near to the Life as the *Oxonians* can draw it.----.

THE CHARACTER OF Mr. *Creech*'s Miſtreſs.

BEfore I give ye the *Character of Mr.* Creech's *Miſtreſs*, 'tis neceſſary I tell ye that her *Reverend-Admirer* was one who as ſoon as he quitted his Rattle and Hobby-horſe, the next Toy he got was a Miſtreſs; but 'twould make one forſwear *Love* to ſee how fondly he made it, and to hear him talk to *Lalage* of *Gods and Goddeſſes*, you'd have took him for ſome *Pagan*, never converted to Chriſtianity: But in this Character I ſhan't make Mr. *Creech*'s Miſtreſs a Goddeſs, tho' he did; for Heaven, tho' it hath a God, hath no Goddeſs: Yet it muſt be confeſt, like the Apple of *Gomorra*, ſhe hath a pleaſing Outſide. Mr. *L*----- of *Univerſity* College told me her Speech and Carriage was all ſo ſweet and affable, as *you may talk of Magick, but there is none charms but ſhe.*---- This is confirm'd by Mr. *R*----- of *All-Souls*, who ſays ſhe has a great deal of Sweetneſs in her Eyes, and a great deal more in her Humour: And for her Piety (ſaid Mr. *F*----- of St. *John*'s) ſhe was the *Saint* Mr. *Creech* ador'd: She's a Miracle of Chaſtity (I'm told by a Gentleman of *Chriſt Church*) *impenetrable like a Marble*; and therefore (ſaid Mr. *G*---- of *Exeter* College) if you'd draw her Picture, you muſt make her to reſemble the Roſe, which is baſhful and arm'd, which defends it ſelf with Bluſhes, and Pricks, only thoſe that rudely touch it, then no wonder ſhe ſcorn'd the *Love of the wanton Shepherd*; for ſhe knew the Honour of a *Maid* is her Name, and that no Beauty is ſo rich as Honeſty; not that a *Roſe* could ſhew more Beauty than her Cheek, or a *Lilly* boaſt a richer white than her Hand, Nature did ſummon every Grace to meet in the Compoſure of ſo ſweet a Saint; *Why Sir? As I have Soul ſhe's an Angel*

Angel: But alas, *Beauty is a gilded Nothing*, or it is but half a Handſomneſs at beſt, unleſs the Mind be furniſh'd with thoſe Vertues which write a *Woman fair*, and therefore *Lalage* could admire nothing ſo Senſual as Dr. *Creech*, and I think ſhe was much in the Right; for, methinks, when I ſee the moſt *inchanting Face* that Earth can ſhew me, I yet think there is *ſomething far more glorious*; methinks I ſee a kind of higher Perfection peeping through the Frailty of a Face, if I may call her Mortal, who is — *The Top of Woman!* All her Sex is Abſtract; and therefore (*Sir*) you'd ſcarce blame me ſhould I love ſuch a Woman to each Syllable falls from her. Dr. *Creech* drew the Image of his Contentment from her tempting Phyz: He was wounded by her *inchanting Eyes*, and like an Image made of Wax, her *Beams of Beauty* melt him to nothing; and yet if we may believe his *Poetical Friend*, even this Divine Creature was once *charm'd with the Muſick of his Voice and Reed*; for, ſays the Author of the *Paſtoral Elegy*.------

Whilſt Lalage *from an adjacent Glade,*
(Where trembling Boughs 'compos'd a moving Shade)
With Pleaſure liſt'ned to his warbling Airs,
And drunk the pleaſing Tales *with greedy Ears:*
Then o're the Lawns ſhe trips with nimble Feet,
To know who 'twas ſung ſo divinely ſweet.

So that once *Lalage* admir'd *Daphnis*; But how cou'd ſhe being but a Woman *do a Miracle and remain conſtant?* I ſhou'd have judg'd it impoſſible if I had hoped it, but the *unavoidable Neceſſity* which carries all of her Sex to change, forbids me to reproach her for it; for there's a Mole even in *Venus*'s Face, and the Divine *Lalage* en't quite perfect; for, as charming as ſhe is, yet her Life is a perpetual Contradiction; *ſhe wou'd and ſhe wou'd not*, and let me ſee Mr. *Creech*, yet I won't; *drive to All-Souls*, yet do not neither is her ordinary talk; ſhe will *call in all haſte for one*, and have nothing to ſay to him when he is come, and long (nay die) for ſome Toy or Trifle, which having once, ſhe grows weary of preſently, and throws away as ſhe did *Creech*. —— And as ſhe is thus inconſtant, ſo to humble her Admirers, 'tis ſaid ſhe has a *counterfeit Vizard* (I mean her *Painting*) which ſhe puts off a Nights when ſhe *lies with her own Face*. But, tho' a Woman be never ſo *fickle*, *coy*, or *painted*, yet if ſhe appears handſome, *her Beauty* is ſuch a ſilent Orator as ever is pleading for Reſpect and Liking, and by the Eyes of others is ever ſending unto their Hearts for Love; —— and therefore, as much as *Lalage* diſdain'd Mr. *Creech*'s Suit yet (being very beautiful) he thought if there was an *Angel* upon Earth (I mean an Angel in

Petty-Coats) certainly *Lalage* was that very Angel,—— *An Angel, a Goddeſs, a Sun, a Moon, an* ——— *all the Seven Stars together, nay ſhe is the Milky way*; ſhe has Hundreds of Thouſands of little Vertues, and Graces, and Beauties, and Charms that none can diſtinctly ſee, unleſs he looks through the *Teleſcope of Love*, tho' all the World perceiv'd 'em in a lump, lightning and glaring quite croſs the *Horizon*, whenever ſhe appears abroad unclouded. Pray Gentlemen (of *All-Souls*) don't be troubleſome, I know you'll tell me *Love is blind*, and how ſhou'd he ſee what other People can't, when he does not ſo much as ſee what they can. I'll anſwer this by an *eaſie Experiment*; Don't Children ſee a hundred fine, gaudy Things in the dark, which they could never diſcover, unleſs they were without Light? Gentlemen, if all this won't convince you, *wink* as hard as you can, and let me take you *a good ſwinging cloſe Tweak by the Noſe*, and if I don't make you ſee as *many Stars* in nothing at all, as your *learned Fellow* (Mr. *Creech*) did in his Miſtreſs, why then I'll throw away my Pen, and never write upon Love more.--- Juſt at the ſame rate does that *Arch-wag Cupid* lead us poor ſilly Captives as we are, he leads us by the patient Noſe from Poſt to Pillar, and from Pillar to Poſt again, hither and thither, *and no Body knows where*; *after no Body knows who*; and when the Show is over (I mean when we have hang'd our ſelves) we our ſelves can't tell for what.

Thus did he once lead me like a *Loving Aſs*, as I was for my Pains Fourſcore long Miles to ſee the happy Place (an old Stump of a Tree) where my Miſtreſs had ſate Ten Years before.----- Thus *Love is all Myſtery and Maze: 'Tis the Green-ſickneſs in Men---- It makes 'em ſtark mad for Toys and Trifles, as Women are for Plaiſter and Oatmeal.* ---- Thus, *Sir*, having told ye in what manner Mr. *Creech* lov'd, I'll further tell ye what 'twas he lov'd. ----- *She was* ---- *Indeed a Nonſuch.* ---- *A ſhe* Phœnix ----- *A Match for the Top-Gallant in* Oxford.----- Admir'd Lalage! Thou Paragon of Beauty and Vertue.---- *Here's Roſes, Stars, Lillies, Pinks, Rubies, Pearls and Violets!* But I hear moſt of her *Rubies and Pearls*, are thoſe of her Teeth and Lips; and ſhe wears (if I may believe one of the *Fellows of M---- College*) more ſparkling Diamonds in her Eyes, than either on her Fingers or in her Cabinet: *But had ſhe much, or had ſhe little, Mr.* Creech *admir'd her, he ador'd her, he rav'd, ſtamp'd, ſtorm'd, fretted, fumed, foamed*, and wanted nothing but a Chain, a Grate, and a Truſs of Straw to have made him as mad as any in *Bedlam*:---- Ah! thought Mr. *Creech* with himſelf, would the *dear* Lalage but love me, I ſhou'd be content tho' I went a begging with a *wooden Diſh and* Leg, and daily feaſt, tho' I eat nothing but Sparables and Pebble-ſtones.----- Then would he fall a *Rhyming* (for that's the infallible Token of a Mad Lover) and for *Proſe Love* he

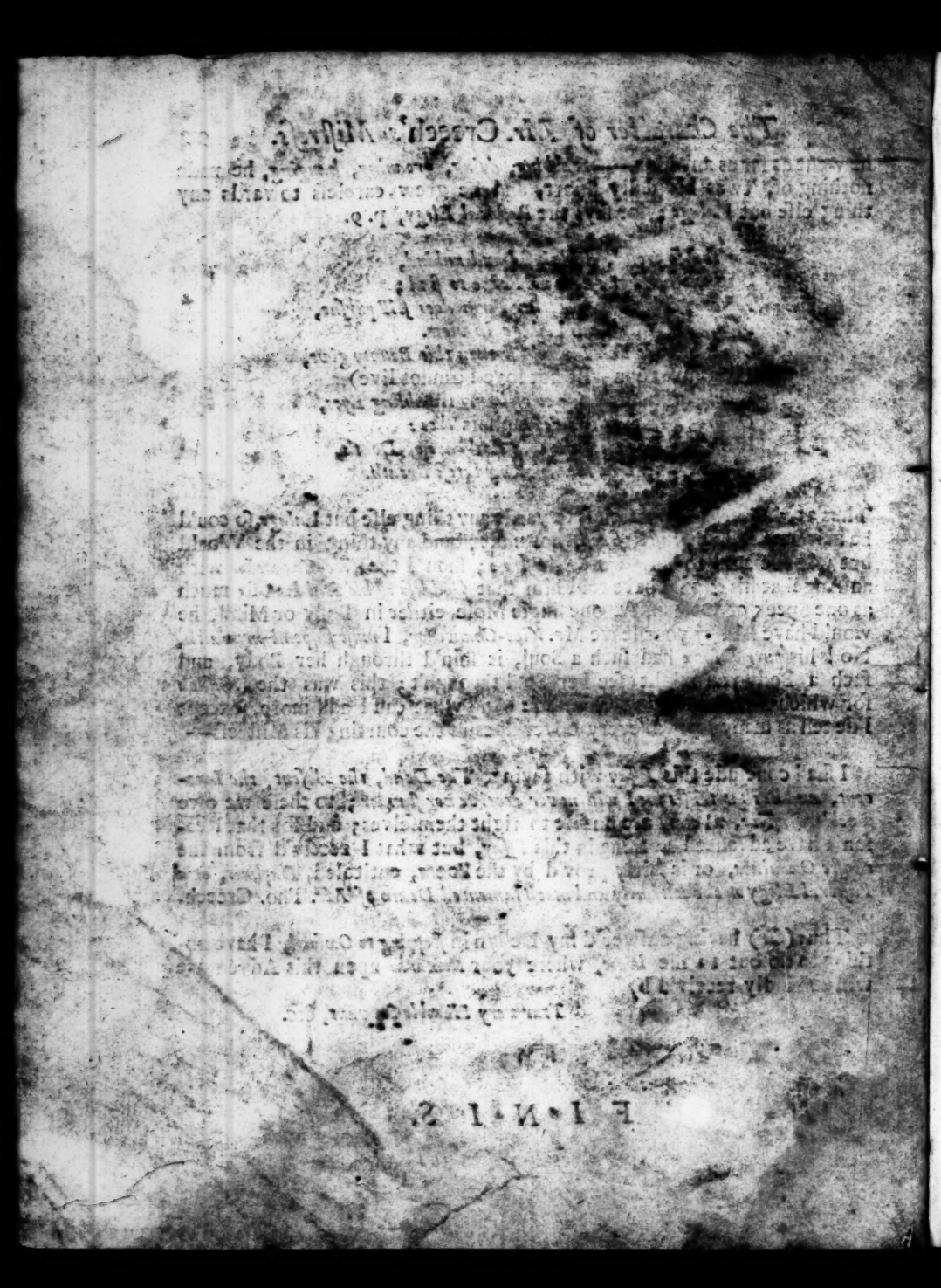
he went as far as any Man.---- *Stabbing, dying, groaning, hanging,* he made nothing of, 'twas his daily Sport, and he grew careleſs towards any thing elſe but *Lalage*; for ſays the *Paſtoral Elegy*, p. 9.

For tho' ſo proud, diſdainful and unkind,
Without her I can hope no Peace to find;
My wandring Thoughts her Form does ſtill purſue,
And ſtill my Soul has Lalage *in view.*
Ah! Savage Fair! would'ſt thou this Bounty give,
(For ſince thou wilt not love I cannot live)
Would'ſt thou but deign to cloſe my trembling Eyes,
Or drop a Tear or two as Daphnis *dies:*
With Joy I'de meet the cold Embrace of Death,
And bleſs my Charmer with my lateſt Breath.

Thus as M. *Creech* grew careleſs towards any thing elſe but *Lalage*, ſo cou'd he neither *ſee, hear, taſte, ſmell*, nor underſtand any thing in the World but what related to his *charming Miſtreſs*; ſhou'd the *Vice-Chancellor* with an Angel at his Elbow have told him that *Goddeſs of his Soul* had ſo much as one Speck of Deformity, one ſingle Mole either in Body or Mind, he would have ſaid by your leave Mr. *Vice-Chancellor*, I *muſt ſuſpend my Faith*, No! his *pureſt Pure* had ſuch a Soul, it ſhin'd through her Body, and ſuch a Body you might ſee her Soul through't; this was the *Nonſuch* for which Mr. *Creech* hang'd himſelf: And what can I add more, except I'de tell as many Lyes as every Lover does in the courting his Miſtreſs---

I ſhall conclude this *Eſſay* with ſaying, *The Dead, the Abſent, the Innocent, and he that truſts me I will never deceive nor ſlander*; to theſe we owe a *nobler Juſtice*, as they are unable to right themſelves; and for that Reaſon I have advanced nothing in this *Eſſay*, but what I receiv'd from the *chaſte Oxonians*, or is fairly prov'd by the Poem, entituled, *Daphnis, or a Paſtoral Elegy on the untimely and much lamented Death of Mr.* Tho. Creech.

Thus (*Sir*) having anſwer'd my Deſign in *ſtepping to Oxford*, I have nothing to do but to flie *home*, where your *Remarks* upon this Adventure will be kindly receiv'd by

Your very Humble Servant, &c.

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